

Beep Beep, Penny by AzenorFeroceGriffe

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Summary: Penny's quiet life of killing and feeding off children's fear keeps getting interrupted by a fearsome creature. Idiot the Cockatiel. Yes this is crack, and no I regret nothing! Rated M for swearing.

Beep Beep, Penny

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Disclaimer : IT is no novel of mine, I'm merely borrowing and torturing its main character, IT itself (ah I'm hilarious, please kill me.)

"BEEP BEEP!" A screeching noise.

"SHUT UP!" A booming voice.

He was doomed, Pennywise mused. No matter how far he stretched, how fast he was, he couldn't for the life of him wrap his dagger-like claws around this stupid thing's neck, the new bane of his existence.

A bird.

"ARGH! Jussst a little bit clossser... STOP MOVING!" The small creature only chirped in

response. Not a cute, adorable noise but a shrill, hair-standing-on-your-neck kind of noise.

One might wonder how a tiny little parrot could drive Pennywise to insanity. Maybe a kid in Derry lost his best pet-friend, Idiot the Cockatiel and never bothered to go look after him? Said budgie found his way into the sewers. DON'T ask me about it.

"I will devour you... You pitiful insect..." Pennywise hissed, his self-made chest heaving as he paused in his chase, fiery orange hair standing more erupt than ever. The budgie stared at him, collected, head tilted in his direction. Humans would find this adorable. IT. Did. Not.

The Eldritch beast made another snatch at the budgie, only for the damn thing to fly off to another spot. He could feel a mental breakdown brewing inside.

This little game of tag had been going on for... actually IT wasn't so sure anymore. He'd lost count. But the evil clown couldn't rest until

this demonic thing was down for the count.

"BEEP BEEP!" Pennywise growled deep in his throat, sickly yellow orbs staring at the fluffy demon, fangs glinting in the feeble light. Rage billowed in his guts.

Stupid, black eyes bored into his metaphorical soul. He was sure the bloody thing was doing this on purpose, antagonizing him, pushing him to his limits. Idiot the Cockatiel didn't stray his gaze away from the furious clown.

"Beep beep...beep beep... Beep b-"

"ENOUGH!" Erupted from the beast's maw a thunderous, ear-splitting bellow, a sound between a chalk on a board and a dying engine. It was horrible, bordering on hysterical.

Roaring so loud the walls shook in fear, Pennywise jumped and threw his arm out in a long arc, failing once again to snatch the bloody thing off his perch on Its Tower. The bird merely jumped up, flapping its tiny wings to avoid the sharp claws. Pennywise looked incredulously at his clawed hand then back at the budgie.

Still, the feathered snowball remained balancing on the pile of broken toys, gleefully chirping and singing. Taunting IT.

It didn't matter how ferocious he was or what tricks he used. The *dumb* animal would always, without fail, escape Death's claws.

Spitting, growling curses in numerous languages, Fear itself gave up. Defeated, Pennywise allowed his clown form to slump dejectedly to the ground and swallowed back tears of despair.

First, those kids. Now, this idiotic bird! Maturin must've had a play in this. Surely, it could only be this old scheming fool! Who else?

"Beep beep." A soft, melodic chirp. Coming from atop his cranium. Serene and unknowing of exactly whose head the bird was standing on, Idiot the Cockatiel began preening the fiery mane adorning Pennywise's head.

Pennywise growled, his lips curling up as pointed fangs once more

grew out of his too large mouth.

How dare this stupid creature *touch him* like this?! He should be feared, not *preened* or petted. Disgruntled, he made dejected attempts to dislodge the bothersome parasite.

Not to avail. Idiot would dive out of reach, pecking him furiously in reprimand, leaving angry red marks all over his skin. Pennywise hissed in pain each time.

"Stupid. Stupid." The pest admonished.

"Fine." He half-hissed, half-whined, eyes taking a green-ish tint, tears pooling up in the glowing orbs.

IT,

Fear itself,

Eldritch demon,

tamed by Idiot the Cockatiel.

Within one day only, the monster of Derry had succeeded in luring not two but six children away from their ignorant parents and into his hungry maw.

Let's forget for a second the whole damn town was under his dark influence, shall we?

It wasn't IT's fault these kids were so trusting towards clowns, really. Wasn't his fault he was so hungry either. Or vicious. Why their agonized, strangled screams would amuse him so much. Or why he took his sweet time to gnaw on their flesh instead of swiftly snap their neck and spare them of the suffering.

Figuratively patting himself on the back over his glorious tally, Pennywise suddenly brought a hand to where his stomachs were rumbling, inflated by all the meat he'd ingested-

that tasty, wonderful rush of adrenaline and dread he'd greedily consumed.

Grunting at the feeling of being pleasantly full, IT took a woobly step forward and began his way back to his den.

His stability was seriously compromised, IT thought with a frown. Pennywise kept swaying from side to side to keep his balance, his oversized belly growling and shifting. On second thought, *maybe* eating that last kid had been a tad too much and a really, *really* bad idea.

Definetly a bad idea, Pennywise thought from his spot on the ground where he'd fallen.

Flat on his face, proverbial steam escaping his ears.

"Fat." The word was simple, bitter, mocking.

With a pained grunt, Pennywise sharply turned his head towards the source of the sound. His eyes narrowed a fraction at the offending sight before him. That insufferable *bird*.

Fangs as long as daggers snapped shut in trepidation. How he wished to snap his jaws on the bloody thing's neck! However, Idiot was the only company he had, and thus, Pennywise was resolved to try and *not* kill him. This unrealisable task was proving more difficult by the day.

"Who exactly, are you calling fat? You *brat*, I'll show you what-"

"**Fat.**"

The beast snarled. Idiot chirped happily, ruffling his feathers, trying to appear cute and innocent.

Things he wasn't, *at all*.